



## **Losers In Love** by [rewrittingtheworld](#)

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**Summary:** After defeating It for the first time, the losers set off to enjoy the rest of their summer in peace. But Richie can't do that, for he just can't get Eddie off his mind, and confessing his feeling may not end up for the best.

## 1. Chapter 1

Richie stood by the fence, a small knife in hand, paralyzed by fear. This afternoon had been the most painful one he'd had in a while. The losers had all gone swimming near the Barons, each one stripped down to their underwear. And, it didn't help much that Eddie had been his partner during the chicken fights in the river. Richie's mind is still replaying that fight over and over in his mind, hanging on to each moment that Eddie's skin was touching his for as long as possible. This had been the group's way of celebrating their win against It, but Richie still wanted to celebrate with Eddie, and only Eddie. He began to carve into the fence with his knife, memories from the Barons overtaking his fear. He stepped back and looked at the freshly carved R + E he'd just created. Now, with emotions of longing and hope filling his being, he *had* to find Eddie.

Eddie sat on the edge of his bed, looking out the windowsill, his eyes following the car that was backing out of the driveway below. As soon as it was out of sight, he let out a sigh of relief, panic and fright left him as his Mom drove off for the weekend in Lewiston. The boy moved around so he was laying flat on his back, as he attempted to fall asleep in peace. As the doorbell rang. *Shit*, he thought, *just when I thought Mom would be gone*. He hastily got up as the doorbell continued to ring. "I'm coming, I'm coming, Jesus." Eddie spoke loudly so his Mom would hear. He pulled open the door and to his surprise, found a very nervous Richie waiting outside. He was playing with his hands, and his face was a light shade of pink that Eddie had never seen him wear before.

"Where's your Mom?" Richie said, almost panicked.

"Out of town for the weekend, what's up?" Eddie's puzzled tone must've been showing, for Richie had began to twist the thin string bracelet around his wrist. It was the one that he had gotten for him. Some of their other friends had given Richie string bracelets as well, but the only one he wore was Eddie's. It seemed to help Eddie, to think that maybe, just maybe Richie

like him back. For he only wore *his* bracelet, right? Richie nodded down to his cast, still figeting.

"How's the lover arm doing?"

"Better, it still hurts from the fight, though." Richie looked down awkwardly, making Eddie anxious. "Come in, we can just hang in here if you want."

"Thanks." Richie said, stepping inside Eddie's house. Richie had always loved how nice of an opening Eddie's house had. It wasn't too cramped or too large where you couldn't fill the space, it was just the perfect size for people like them. He took in the smell of Eddie's house, and a stench of medicine and cleaning supplies overtook his body. But a faint smell of the boy he loved still lingered in the mix, making Richie smile.

"So, why'd you come over here?" Eddie asked. The other boy gasped.

"Wow, I'm hurt Kaspbrak. Really hurt. Like more hurt than your arm."

"There's your sense of humour, I thought it was lost for a few moments there." Eddie looked down at the floor, pondering what to do with this boy. This was the first time the two had been alone in a while, but he was sure as hell glad that they were. Since the battle, all Eddie could think about was what if something had happened to Richie and he'd never told him how he felt? What would happen then. Not like Richie liked him back, but it would still be nice for him to know and for Eddie to get off of his chest.

"Eddie?" the boy nodded, "I have to talk to you, it's kind of serious." Richie said, his nerves growing with each word.

"Oh, sure, of course. Do you want to go upstairs?" Richie nodded and followed Eddie up his narrow wooden stairs, all the way down the hall and into his bedroom. This was the first time Richie had been in his bedroom alone with him. And he had no clue how to act. Eddie sat down on the bed, and Richie moved

and sat down next to him, only a few short inches away. "So, what's going on?" Eddie said, a high, nervous pitch to his voice.

"Well.." Richie placed his hands next to his sides just as Eddie had, and looked down at them. He slowly inched his way towards Eddie's hand, and he saw the other boy do the same. They stopped the second their pinkies touched, pausing with fright. "Eddie?" Richie looked up at him and he nodded. "I like you. A lot. And I have for a long time, but I just didn't want to say anything because I know you're not gay but after everything that's happened I thought you had a right to know." Silence rang for seconds that felt like an eternity before Eddie spoke.

"Richie?" Eddie said, looking back up at Richie to find him nodding as well. He moved his pinky slightly over the other boy's before speaking. "I think you have a right to know that I like you to. You know what, I don't even like you, I'm so in love with you Richie Tozier. So in love with you." He looked back down at their hands, now blushing furiously

"Eddie?" Richie said as Eddie looked up at him. Richie moved his hand to Eddie's face, and pulled him in quickly. Their lips met with passion, as Richie moved one hand to grab at Eddie's hair. Eddie allowed his mouth to be entered by the other's tongue as Richie moved Eddie back onto the bed. He was on top of Eddie, kissing him even more eagerly than before, the eagerness present with both boys. Eddie reached his hands up and placed them under Richie's shirt, causing him to tremble. He moved them along his chest in a constant motion, until Richie couldn't take it and started slowly grinding himself along Eddie's body. Eddie moved his hands behind Richie's back, pulling him down closer towards him. The boy on top moved his lips from Eddie's to his jawline, slowly kissing along it, causing small gasps from the boy. "I love you too", Richie said, moving up to look at Eddie.

"Oh my fucking god I love you. I just made out with Richie Tozier. Fucking Richie Tozier." Richie smiled.

"Oh, kiss me you idiot." Richie moved back down and continued to kiss Eddie, this time with more passion than before. Eddie

moved his hands to Richie's hair, looking at him and giggling.  
"What?"

"It's nothing. I just can't believe this is actually happening. That it's not just my imagination. I can't believe I'm actually kissing the most incredible boy I've ever known." Now it was Richie's turn to blush again.

"I love you so fucking much, I don't deserve you. God damnit I can't fucking believe that you're mine." Richie rolled over and laid down next to Eddie, who leaned over and kissed him on the cheek gently and admirably. The two moved to their sides so that they were facing each other.

"I love you, you know."

"So you've said." Richie says, making them both laugh.

"We could do something, like watch a movie or something?"

"Sure," Richie smiled, "but could I please just kiss you a little more before that, I've been deprived of those lips for so long, I don't want to waste another second waiting." Eddie nodded. Richie stood up off of the bed, and reached out his hand to help Eddie up as well. He grabbed both of his hands, and looked down at the floor, grinning extremely hard. Eddie reached his head up and kissed him, linking his arms around Richie's neck. He kissed back and moved his hands around the boy's waist. The two kissed passionately like before, letting out small, breathy sounds from the kiss. Richie walked them over to the wall and pushed Eddie against it as he kissed him.

"Um." came from the doorway. Both boys froze and untangled themselves. The rest of the losers were standing there, awestruck looking at the two.

## 2. Chapter 2

"I can explain," Richie began, frantic, as he moves towards the losers, "It's not what you think."

"Yeah, well you know what I think? I think that you didn't trust us enough to tell us you're, you're ga-ga-gay." Ben says, eyes narrowed and hurt. He stormed down the stairs. Stan, Mike, and Ben followed him slowly, Bev staying behind with the lovers. They hear the door shut, and Bev turns to them. Richie looks over at Eddie to find tears starting in his eyes. He quickly walked over and wrapped his arms around Eddie, as he began to cry into his chest.

"I'm so so sorry guys," Bev says, nervous and saddened. "That wasn't Ben's place to step in, and it definitely wasn't his place to choose when you come out. We all love you are here for you, but Ben and the others just need some time to process things. I'm gonna run and catch up with them, I'll talk to them. I'm sorry."

"Thanks Bev, it means a lot. Just talk to him please." Richie says, hugging Eddie a little tighter as his sobs become louder. Bev waves and hurries down the stairs.

"I can't believe that just happened." Eddie mutters out. "They hate us, they all hate us. We were losers to begin with but now we're just fucking fags." Eddie yelps, reaching his arms around Richie.

"Eds, they're still our losers. This was just sudden for them. And for us. We're just figuring everything out. Don't worry, I promise you it'll all be okay tomorrow. I promise." Richie closes his eyes and gently kisses Eddie's forehead.

"I love you, no matter what they think of us." Eddie pulls Richie in impossibly closer and closes his eyes, tears halting.

"Come on, you need to sleep." Richie says. Eddie nods and walks over to the bed with his boyfriend. Richie lays down, and Eddie follows, resting his head on his boyfriend's chest. Richie puts his arm around Eddie's shoulders and the boys drift off to sleep.